

# The Critic

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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.



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### THE GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE performances of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, at Saunders' Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., have been given before large and appreciative audiences. The novel character of the entertainment was apparent at the first glance. The entire breadth of the stage was filled by the façade of the royal palace, which at once answered the purpose of scene and of curtain. In the middle of this façade were two doors through which were made the entrances and exits of the royal personages. In front of it were seen three altars, equidistant from each other. The stage, though broad, is very shallow, as were those of the Greek theatres. A semicircular space below the footlights, also adorned with an altar, was assigned to the chorus proper. Immediately surrounding this were a number of seats, in the midst of which stood the raised stand of Mr. John K. Paine, musical composer and conductor. The seats on his right were occupied by the artists of the orchestra, those on his left by the gentlemen whose voices were intended to supplement those of the stage-chorus.

So much for the preliminary arrangements, which one had ample time to note before Mr. Paine's baton gave the signal for the first chord. At this moment a procession of suppliants, headed by a priest, entered by a side-door, and passing through the place appointed for the chorus, ascended to the stage, to deposit upon its altars a propitiatory offering of olive branches. The doors of the palace open, and Oedipus, clad in royal purple, and wearing a golden diadem, comes forth to ask the reason of this visitation. The priest rehearses the woes of the plague with which the city is afflicted, and Oedipus, sharing the general grief, directs the hopes of all to the message which his brother-in-law, Creon, has been deputed to obtain from the oracles of Apollo. This personage presently enters, bringing news which increases, instead of relieving, the general sense of calamity. The oracle declares that the visitation of the pestilence is due to the unavenged murder of King Laius, the predecessor of Oedipus, and first husband of his queen, Jocasta. Oedipus expresses his determination to free the city from this pollution, at whatever cost. Creon, in answer to his eager inquiries, narrates the little that is known concerning the death of Laius. These two retire for a short space within the palace, the priest and the train of suppliants leave the stage, and the chorus enter, in robes and wreaths. Their first strophes invoke the aid of the three deities to whom the altars are dedicated, Pallas, Artemis, and Apollo. The accompanying music is pathetic and exploring in its character. Oedipus now appears again, and expresses his intense desire to discover the assassin of his predecessor, and by his just punishment to deliver the city from its plague. The chorus recommend that Teresias, the seer shall be consulted. The blind old prophet is now led upon the stage, and at first refuses to disclose to Oedipus the truth divinely revealed to him. Under the pressure of taunts and reproaches, he at length accuses the monarch himself of the crime which has provoked the vengeance of the gods.

The anger of the king is now fully roused, and he suspects his kinsman, Creon, of conspiring with Teresias to drive him from his kingdom by a charge invented between them. He dismisses the seer with angry words, and again retires. After a second intervention of the chorus, which now expresses dread, fear, and anxiety, Creon comes upon the scene, "to look after his character." Oedipus, returning, accuses him of plotting with Teresias for his over-

throw. Creon defends himself with earnestness, and an altercation ensues which is interrupted by the entrance of Queen Jocasta, who, with the help of the chorus, endeavors to calm the disputants. Creon at last departs, and Oedipus informs Jocasta of the charge now made against him. Jocasta expresses her disbelief in soothsayers and oracles. She founds this upon the failure of the prophecy which came to Laius from the shrine of Apollo, that he should die by the hand of his own son. This son

"Grew not three days, ere by my husband's hand  
His feet were locked, and he was cast and left  
By messengers on the waste mountain wold."

This fact, as she thinks, entirely disposes of the authority of the oracles in such matters. Oedipus now begins to question Jocasta concerning the appearance of Laius, the time and the manner of his death. He learns that one witness only of the deed remains, and that he has been, at his own request, dismissed from the household and employed elsewhere. Oedipus begs that he may be summoned without delay. Jocasta assents, but prays to know what moves her lord to ask this. He then relates to her the story of his early life in the home of his supposed father, Polybus of Corinth, the circumstance which led him to inquire of the Pythian oracle concerning himself, and the frightful prediction of the oracle that he should kill his own father, and become the husband of his mother. The fear of a fate so dreadful made him thenceforth an exile, and in his wanderings he met with a man, whom he now fears to have been Laius, and whom he did slay, in retaliation for violence offered him.

A messenger now comes from Corinth bringing news of the death of Polybus. Oedipus, learning that he died through the infirmity of age, feels assured that one at least of the prophecies concerning himself has been proved to be of no account. He still dreads that which referred to his mother. The messenger, hearing of these fears, thinks to allay them by informing Oedipus that he was a foundling, and not the son of Polybus. The servant who witnessed the death of Laius now arrives, and turns out to be the very one employed by Laius to deposit his infant son in the wastes of Cithæria. Moved by compassion, he gave the child to the Corinthian messenger, a shepherd, who in turn transferred the gift to childless Polybus. The chain of evidence is now complete. The infant, condemned by the oracle before his birth, and devoted to death by his parents, has fulfilled the dread prediction, and, a stranger to his father and his mother, has slain the one and espoused the other. Jocasta has inferred this from the testimony of the Corinthian messenger. She implores Oedipus to refrain from questioning the servant of Laius, and when he insists that he will probe the mystery to its very foundation, she rushes from the scene with wild words of farewell. Oedipus, having wrung from the servant the truth of the story, follows her with exclamations of horror. The chorus here intervenes, and presently a messenger from the palace describes Jocasta's self-murder, and the wild action of Oedipus, who, in his despair, has pierced his eyes, to which the aspect of created things has become insupportable. The unfortunate king now makes his last appearance, blind and overcome with anguish. Creon condoles with him, and while awaiting the final sentence of the gods concerning Oedipus, dispatches a servant to bring to him his little daughters, Antigone and Ismene. Of these Oedipus takes the most touching and tender farewell. By Creon's order, he is then led once more within his palace, and the closing strophe of the chorus commemorates the wisdom of the sage who refused to call any man happy before his death.

In reviewing the impression made by this drama, one feels

most strongly the great tragic interest of the story, and the simple and beautiful way in which it is wrought out. To produce its features so vividly with so little action, with such entire absence of adventitious effect, is an art which seems in these days not only lost, but forgotten. The method of Sophocles appeals to the imagination, and the appeal is answered. The modern drama gives everything to the eye, upon the principle, perhaps, that "seeing is believing." But the simulated action, carried out before us, may impress us less than do those suggestions in which the classic dramatists were able to concentrate so much thought and power. Next to the power of the dramatist we feel the gloom and horror of a theory of religion which could, as by divine appointment, force upon a pure and noble nature the commission of crimes most abhorrent to it. This doctrine, for the Greeks, marked a belief in the absolute and unlimited power of Deity. It is a far happier faith which discovers that the Divine is unable to do that which would be undivine. We have seen, however, in our own day, some forms of religious fatalism quite akin to this. Some of the strophes of the chorus express great zeal for the honor of the sacred oracles, but religion itself should perish in their non-fulfilment.

The part of Oedipus is by far the longest and most difficult in the drama. It was enacted by Mr. George Riddle, Professor of Elocution at Harvard University, and himself well and favorably known to the public. Mr. Riddle has many advantages of voice and of person. Scarcely heavy enough to represent the *physique* of the unfortunate hero, he is yet very lithe, active, and expressive in his movements and gestures, and his play is characterized by a redundancy rather than a deficiency of passion. His greatest success, perhaps, was in his last appearance, in which the helpless agony of his blindness, and the pang of parting with his daughters were represented with exquisite fidelity to the truth of the situation.

The parts of Jocasta, Tiresias, and Creon were very creditably sustained, all of them, we believe, by undergraduates of the University. The fluency of all the orators was admirable, and that of Mr. Riddle seemed aided by a memory little less than miraculous. The play was at times interrupted by enthusiastic applause, in which the composer of the evening shared. Mr. Paine's music seemed worthy of the immortal verse to which it was married. It was by turns tender, mournful, and majestic. Among other things, a tenor solo sung by Mr. Osgood was much enjoyed. The occasion was certainly a proud one for *Alma Mater*, and the adequate presentment of such a masterpiece of classic art at once showed the resources of the University, and added to the great benefits which it has conferred upon the community.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

## LITERATURE

### The Revised New Testament.\*

THE infidels who would fain make the world believe that Christianity is played out are radically mistaken. Christianity is stronger now than ever before. The best proof is furnished by the extraordinary interest in the revised version of the English New Testament which has just been published simultaneously in England, Scotland, America, and Australia, and sold in enormous quantities ordered beforehand. The New York Agent of the Oxford University Press alone has orders to the amount of over four hundred thousand copies and the Philadelphia agent of the Cambridge Press has probably as many more. The demand in Great Britain cannot be less. Besides, half a

\* The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the Greek. Being the version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities and revised. A.D. 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

dozen publishers have announced reprints for several months past, and secured very large orders all over the country. The daily papers, moreover, East and West, intend to print the New Testament in their next Sunday issue. The book in its new shape will be read from curiosity if not from higher motives within the next few weeks by millions of readers throughout the English-speaking world. It amounts to a republication of the gospel in three continents. This is an amazing fact, without a parallel in the history of literature. Not all the classical writers of ancient and modern times together could create such a sensation as the publication of the new version of this little book, which, as the great Ewald once said to Dean Stanley, "contains all the wisdom of the world."

And yet the revision will read very much like the familiar old version. Those who expect radical changes will be greatly disappointed. Not an article of faith is changed, not a precept of duty shaken. The great mass of readers and hearers will scarcely perceive the difference. All the great doctrines on which the Christian denominations are agreed, remain as before, while all denominations will continue to appeal to the Bible for the minor differences which separate them. A translation is not a commentary, and commentaries will be as much needed as before; yea, their number is likely to be multiplied on the basis of the new text. Within the last few weeks several projects of popular commentaries based upon the revision have been brought to my notice, and two have actually been begun.

But notwithstanding this essential unity, the revision is a very great progress over King James's Version, and contains thousands of corrections and improvements. How could it be otherwise? Biblical learning has made immense progress since 1611, in the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, geography, antiquities, criticism, and exegesis. About eighty scholars in England and America, including some of the ablest divines and commentators, have devoted to the revision a large part of their time and labor during the last ten years. No similar work has ever been prepared with greater care and painstaking accuracy. If the revisers have failed to satisfy every reasonable demand, and to bring the old version fully up to the present standard of the English language and biblical learning, then no other company of scholars will succeed, and the question of revision must be adjourned to the next century. But we have never doubted for a moment that it will be accepted by all the churches. Opposition, of course, will be raised from different quarters, but it will all be drowned at last by the popular verdict.

In a brief article like this I can only hint at the principal improvements. An older and purer text derived from the best uncial manuscripts, unknown to King James's translators, is substituted for the corrupt *textus receptus*. Actual errors of translation are corrected. Innumerable inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and needless variations in rendering are removed. A uniform system in reproducing Greek and Hebrew proper names is observed. Archaic expressions which mislead the common reader (as 'prevent' for 'precede,' 'let' for 'hinder,' 'carriages' for 'baggage,' 'conversation' for 'conduct,' 'damnation' for 'condemnation,' 'by and by' for 'immediately,' 'instantly' for 'urgently,' 'atonement' for 'reconciliation'), have been replaced by intelligible words. The interpolations in italics, which are mostly superfluous and often weaken the sense or mar the beauty of the original, have been reduced to the smallest number. An arrangement of prose by sections, and a metrical arrangement of poetry, have been substituted for the senseless division in chapters and verses, although for convenience sake the latter are indicated on the margin. And yet with all these improvements the idiom and vocabulary of the old version have been as strictly adhered to as faithfulness to the original would allow.

One word about American co-operation. Never before have the American churches had any share in a popular version of the Holy Scriptures. They inherited King James's version, which was completed and published long before the United States was born. Now for the first time they have had an opportunity to produce a far better translation than that which they borrowed from the old country. Hereafter they can claim the version in common use as their own. It is true it originated in England, as is right and proper, and I may say in the very heart and head of that venerable Church of England which gave us the old version. But the committee appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury by the authority invested in them invited at the very outset the co-operation of American scholars who fairly represent all the leading denominations and theological and literary institutions of the country. This Ameri-



can Committee has bestowed as much time and study upon the work as the English, and the results of their labors have been incorporated in the revision. This is therefore neither purely English, nor purely American, but Anglo-American, the joint product of both committees after a most careful exchange and consideration of views. Mother England took the lead, but her full-grown daughter, America, exercised her independent judgment, to which the mother often respectfully deferred.

It is true a considerable number of differences remain and are printed in the Appendix; but these are of small account as compared with the much larger number of American suggestions which have been adopted by the English Committee and incorporated in the Revision. They are mostly closer renderings of the Greek. The Americans are less hampered by tradition and usage than the English. The Common Prayer Book, in which so much of our common version is incorporated, is not so great a power in the United States as in Great Britain. A prudent or timid conservatism has led the English Committee to retain many archaisms and inaccuracies which the judgment of their own best scholars condemns and would not tolerate in a commentary or translation of their own. The English Revisers have retained 'which' for 'who', when applied to persons (as 'our Father which art in heaven'), 'be' for 'are' in the present indicative, 'for to' for 'to', 'wot' for 'know', 'wist' for 'knew', 'hale' for 'drag', and what is much worse, 'devil' and 'devils' for 'demon' and 'demons' (thus leaving on the mind of the reader the false impression of a plurality of devils); and 'penny' for 'denarius', which is equal in value to eight pence and stands in the New Testament for a comparatively large and not for a ridiculously small sum. The English originally adhered also to 'hell' for 'hades', but surrendered hell at last, when they reached the Apocalypse. Why then still stick to 'devils' and 'whiches' to vex the English reader? In all these and many other points the Americans prefer truth to tradition, and modern usage to obsolete forms.

A Scotch member of the English Committee, when I reasoned these points with him, frankly told me: "Theoretically you are all right, but you may reason to the crack of doom till you convince an Englishman." The Scotch are not behind them in tenacity. They strongly believe in the perseverance of saints, and they have excellent reason to pray: "Grant us, O Lord, that we may be right, for thou knowest that we are very decided." It is not impossible, however, that the English Committee, which has adopted such a large number of American suggestions, will ultimately yield those points also. The American community will certainly, with few exceptions, prefer the readings and renderings of the Appendix, and when the revision is once authorized by the churches, they will be incorporated in the text. The fate of the Revised New Testament will decide the revision of the Old, which is expected to follow in about two or three years.

PHILIP SCHAFF.

#### A Guide to Ichthyology.\*

A VOLUME fitted "to meet the requirements of those who are desirous of studying the elements of Ichthyology; to serve as a book of reference to zoölogists generally; and, finally, to supply those who, like travellers, have frequent opportunities of observing fishes," has long been a great desideratum. Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, has "intended" to supply this want by an "Introduction to the Study of Ichthyology." The intention and attempt were praiseworthy; the result a failure. From every point of view the outcome of the author's labor is defective. The foundation of systematic Biology is a knowledge and appreciation of species, and the aggregates of species in successive degrees of comprehensiveness. Species, of course, cannot be expected to be treated of in an "Introduction" and genera are the lowest aggregates considered in the present. If those subordinate aggregates are combined in such a manner as to conflict with the essential characteristics of the including groups we may rest assured that a vicious principle and method underlies the entire superstructure. That there are such discordancies between the constituents and the diagnoses of the groups, and those of every degree, will soon become apparent to every one familiar with the subject who examines this volume. The necessary limitation of space will confine us to the exhibition of a few examples. These illustrations will be taken from fishes which are perfectly well known, whose

character Dr. Günther had abundant means of ascertaining, and which are among the common and familiar of American types.

Premising that the typical Teleost fishes are distributed according to the nature of the anterior dorsal and ventral rays and the separation or coalescence of the lower pharyngeal bones, among Acanthopterygi, Acanthopterygii Pharyngognathi, and Anacanthini, it will be shown that the characters assigned to those orders are not shared by species of the family and even genus in which they are placed or to which they naturally belong.

Three genera may be referred to as instances of confusion of species which differ in characters elsewhere, regarded as of family or even ordinal value. Dr. Günther assigns high value to the relative development of the spinous and soft portions of the dorsal fin. Thus the first division, including a number of families, of Acanthopterygii (*A. Perciformes*), is said to have the "spinous dorsal well developed, . . . rather longer than, or as long as the soft" (p. 375). Yet his unnatural distribution of the centrarchids (Black Basses, Sun fishes, etc.) among the three "genera" *Centrarchus*, *Bryllus*, and *Pomotis* is adopted from his catalogue of 1859. Therein, notwithstanding the labors of Agassiz and others, is as strange a medley of forms as the American ichthyologist would be likely to imagine. Under *Centrarchus* are confounded the representatives of three distinct groups or subfamilies. Two of the species referred to that "genus," "*C. hexacanthus*" and "*C. nitidus*" (p. 257), have the spinous dorsal little developed, much shorter than the soft. (Other species are again described under the generic names *Grystes* and *Huro*, and placed in a different subfamily.) Dr. Günther attaches great importance to the existence of 24 (14 + 10) vertebrae in contradistinction to the development of a greater number. On such differences a number of families are constituted by him. In the genus *Sebastes* (Rock Cod, etc.), however, as last admitted by him, are species which differ as widely or more widely in this respect than some of his families. His generic diagnosis is indeed an epitome of blunders. The genus *Sebastes* is said to have "one dorsal with 12 or 13 spines," and "vertebrae more than twenty-four." (p. 413) "About twenty species are known," it is said. Of these, however, only two ("*S. norvegicus*, *S. viviparus*") "have more than twenty-four vertebrae," and those two have normally fifteen dorsal spines, while the others having "twelve or thirteen spines," have not "more than twenty-four" vertebrae. The combination signalized by Günther does not exist.

We may now ask, in the name of both science and common sense, why characters which are regarded by the same author as of ordinal, or at least family, value are not of generic value in the cases referred to. As a matter of fact, in each case important modifications of structure are associated with the ones noted; and not only are the characters of moment, and readily recognizable, but the physiognomy is distinct, and differentiates the respective types from those with which they are confounded.

One other example of another kind of error must suffice. Dr. Günther distinguishes the "orders." Acanthopterygii and Anacanthini solely on account of the development of spines in the vertical and ventral fins of the former, and their absence in the latter. There is no such difference between the constituents of the groups in question as is claimed; and closely allied forms, belonging to the same family, are separated among two orders and respectively associated with types with which they have little affinity. The Eel-pout of the markets (*Zoarces*), is referred to the Acanthopterygii and the family Blenniidæ, although the author himself admits that it has "no other fin-spines" than a few near the caudal, without apparently appreciating the falsification of the system by the facts: the nearly related *Lycodes* is interjected among the Anacanthini. As a matter of fact there are no major structural differences between the two, and where one goes the other must follow.

Dr. Günther's want of familiarity with the former usage of ichthyologists has sometimes led him into amusing mistakes.

For example Cuvier (Hist. Nat. des Poissons, t. i., p. 55), proposed to place the subgeneric name within parentheses after the generic, "par exemple: *Perca (labrax) lupus*, *Perca (labrax) lineatus*, etc." Temminck and Schlegel, acting on this suggestion, but omitting the parentheses, called the *Perca (labrax) japonicus*, *Perca-Labrax japonicus*, without the slightest intention of distinguishing it from *Labrax*, but evidently recognizing in it a species of the sub-genus *Labrax* and genus *Perca*. Bleeker subsequently differentiated it as a peculiar generic type, — *Lateo-labrax*. Nevertheless our learned author has sagely given the

\* An Introduction to the Study of Fishes. By Albert C. L. G. Günther. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

name *Percalabrax* to the genus, as if Temminck and Schlegel had actually founded and characterized it! He did this in 1859, but has not yet learned that he committed the blunder so evident to one familiar with ichthyological literature.

As it has been shown that in every order of Teleostean or typical fishes there are genera which exhibit characters in diametrical contrast with those given as diagnostic of those orders, it necessarily follows not only that those characters are of little moment for major classification, but that the use of the volume as an aid to "zoölogists" or "travellers" for identification must be comparatively small. Its usefulness is still further reduced and the difficulties of identification thereby enhanced by the entire absence of analytical synopses, and the paucity of illustrations of family types.

While we have confined our examination, however, to genera, and the consequences flowing from their treatment, it is proper to add that the defects of the author's mode of treatment of scientific subjects ramifies into every branch of inquiry to a greater or less extent. That which is most free from error, and which is really quite rich in details that have hitherto only appeared in scientific periodicals of limited circulation, or not elsewhere published, is the portion (chapter 21), devoted to "The Fishes of the Deep Sea." This is well worthy the attention of all interested in Ichthyology. The other chapters must be consulted with extreme caution and reserve.

THEO. GILL.

#### General Howard's Apology.\*

THIS book is disagreeable reading, and it is not a pleasant task to review it. The title is a misnomer. It should have been "An Attempt to Vindicate the Campaign of General O. O. Howard against the Nez Percé Indians." This is what the book really is; this is the whole *motif* of it; and a more diffuse, loosely worded, unfortunate record of himself and his doings it has seldom been the fate of a military man to publish. Vanity and egotism distort the statements and overburden the narrative. From the twenty-eighth page, where General Howard introduces himself as having "succeeded to the command of the Geographical Department which included within its limits the Nez Percés," down to the last, (the two hundred and seventy-fourth,) where he dismisses the unfortunate band with the patronizing statement that "certainly it would be gratifying to him at any time to see the remnant turn from savagery to civilization"—the animus is unvaried, and the unities of the history, as compiled from General Howard's standpoint, are thoroughly preserved. So single-hearted is he in his purpose; so entirely absorbed in his concentration on the main end he has in view, that he is apparently unaware of the absurdity of cutting the tale short and closing it on the day when General Howard disappears from the scene. To call the book "Nez Percé Joseph," and end it without one allusion to the fate of that chief and his band after their surrender, or to their present position as prisoners in Indian Territory, is an incongruity so glaring that it is difficult to understand how it could have escaped General Howard's perception. There is nothing so short-sighted, however, as vanity; no condition so unfavorable to clear-sightedness or right-mindedness as that of wounded self-love. And that General Howard's self-love was, during his Nez Percé campaign, grievously wounded by the comments of the newspapers on his course, he has left us no room to doubt.

The book is full of undignified references to these comments; such as this, for instance: He speaks of himself during his long halt in the Camas Prairie, as "waiting there eight days while a fearful newspaper clamor came from the rear, of 'Slow! slow! will never catch the Indians.'" Again, later on, he complains of the taunts of the frontiersmen, who said to him:

"Why not put your cavalry ahead every day? You never can catch Joseph if you don't." "How truthful, yet how sad these apparent facts," says General Howard. "Still I never felt these taunts so deeply as I did those eastern witticisms which I read afterward: 'One day ahead: Beautiful panorama! Joseph and his Indians, Howard and his soldiers running a race for the amusement of mankind.'" Again: "These are the famous Camas Meadows, where we gave most occasion for sport to our good friends in the east, who make and love caricatures." Again: "We hoped that these Indians would be stopped until we could come up and help the fort by attacking from the west and rear. It might have saved us a long march, much public abuse, and perhaps have secured to us the enviable reputation of being good Indian fighters."

\* Nez Percé Joseph. By O. O. Howard, Brig-Gen., U. S. A. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The naïveté of these phrases is delicious. That was what General Howard was always hoping, "that the Indians would be stopped until he could come up," and no doubt, if they only would have stopped long enough for him to come up, it would have saved "a long march and much public abuse;" though it is difficult to see how a very "enviable reputation as a good Indian fighter" could possibly be secured by simply "coming up." Indians who "stopped" to be overtaken. The men in our army who have won enviable reputations as "good Indian fighters," have not won them in that way. And just here it is worth while to say one word in reply to this adjective "enviable," which it is plain to see that General Howard uses satirically. There is an implication that the reputation of being a good Indian fighter is not after all truly an "enviable" one; an undertone of slur in the emphasis of that word "enviable" is very apparent. Therefore, it is worth while to pause, in our dealing with General Howard (who has never been accused of being "a good Indian fighter"), to speak of the two men in our army who are best known and oftenest mentioned as "good Indian fighters." These are General Crook and General Miles. Everybody who knows anything about Indian affairs knows that the Indian race has to-day no warmer, truer, more devoted friends than are these two Generals. The Indians know it, if white men do not. They trust General Crook's word implicitly; this fact has more than once saved United States officials from the consequences of their own treacheries to Indian tribes; and not an Indian chief that it has been General Crook's military duty to fight, but knows that General Crook's sympathy is with him and not against him.

"The hardest thing about it all," said General Crook once, on setting off for an Indian campaign, "the hardest thing about it is the having to fight those that you know are in the right." General Miles, a younger officer, but already as distinguished in Indian warfare, was the first man to recommend the employment of disused military posts for Indian training schools; and he has himself proved in his Department of the Yellow Stone, that the wildest and most hostile Indians can be in a short time made peaceable, industrious, and self-supporting, without any of the cumbrous machinery or cruel tyrannies of the reservation system. He has had under his charge there five or six hundred Sioux and Cheyennes, who surrendered to him in fair fight several years ago. From that day to this they have not cost the United States Government a penny; they are settled on little farms, and earning their own living without let or hindrance. It was this same General Miles who finally overtook and captured "Nez Percé Joseph" and his band—(before they had "stopped" long enough for General Howard to "come up")—and who has never, since then, ceased from protesting against the injustice done them in sending them to Indian Territory. Only last winter he made application to President Hayes, by letter, entreating him to return the remnant of the band to their native country, Idaho.

So much for the two men who, most of all our army officers, bear the "enviable reputation of being good Indian fighters." Now, to return to General Howard's narrative of his campaign. We have not space to follow it in detail. It is perhaps best summed up in General Howard's own words, (p. 263):

"We knew from a long experience that the Indians watched well to the rear, and moved very much as we did, keeping one and two, and sometimes three marches ahead. When we stopped to rest, they did so; when we moved short distances, they shortened their journeys: *therefore we planned for the same operation to continue.* Meantime I endeavored through our numerous scouts to keep informed where the Indians actually were."

It does not seem possible that General Howard means what he says, in the sentence we have italicized; and of whatever doubt there may be as to what he intended to say, he is entitled to the full benefit. But the words are his own, and unluckily they are an exact description of his long exhausting march of over a thousand miles in rear of the Nez Percés. It began on the 22d of June, and it did not end till the last of September. On the 27th of September we find him sending back his cavalry and nearly all of his scouts; this would seem to be a practical abandonment of the pursuit; but he still trusts to General Miles, who had sent word on the 20th that he would start at once from Tongue River, in pursuit of the Indians. At the time of receiving this message from General Miles General Howard had become much disheartened. He says:

"I know of no period of my life when I needed sympathy and encouragement more. These dispatches from a brave officer and tried



friend were full of cheer, and I shall never forget the lift they gave me, nor grudge to him a grateful acknowledgment for them."

General Howard's methods of showing gratitude are peculiar. In the same page with the above paragraph he quotes another officer (by name) as saying of General Miles:

"Miles is ambitious. He will start at once, and head Joseph off before he gets to the Missouri." "He will never allow such an opportunity for a brigadiership to escape him."

Without an accompanying map of the country it would be impossible to explain the relative situations of General Howard, General Miles, and the Nez Percés in the last week of the campaign. A superficial reader of this book will no doubt lay it down with the impression, rather confused, perhaps, that General Howard had something to do with the capture of the Nez Percés. The truth is, he had practically abandoned the pursuit. His cavalry had been sent back; his scouts sent back; his infantry taken off the trail, and marched to Carrol, the point at which they were to embark down the Missouri; he himself, hearing that Miles had overtaken the Indians, went with only a small escort of seventeen men to Miles's camp, arriving there after the fight was suspended, and only one day before the final surrender. To extract these facts from the possibly unintentional confusions of the latter part of the narrative, is by no means easy, but it is practicable; and any attentive reader is likely to be well on the alert after he comes upon this paragraph (p. 263):

"I had in my heart earnestly petitioned for God's help, expressing a sentiment that I hope was sincere: 'If Thou wilt grant my request, do so I beseech Thee, even at the expense of another's receiving the credit of the expedition.'"

So far as we know there is no instance on record of a prayer similar to this. If it were not so immeasurably ludicrous, one would be aghast at the irreverence of a man's undertaking to open such a "commutation account" with the Almighty.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of this book as a history of "Nez Percé Joseph"; but, considered under that title, it has small claim to attention. Of the injustice of the United States Government's treatment of the Nez Percés, General Howard has little to say. His strongest sentence in regard to the taking away from them of lands which had been given to them by treaty, is, "Wiser heads than Joseph's have been puzzled by this manner of balancing the scales."

It is a well known fact that the Nez Percé outbreak was caused by an outrage committed on them by whites, after they had consented, and in good faith begun, to prepare to move to the reservation. On this fact General Howard does not dwell. He says: "It was in some way connected with a citizen, Larry Ott, who had killed an Indian," and this is all he says about that.

He admits that he "believes that Chief Joseph protested till the last against the war, and finally was forced into it," like many who joined the great Southern Rebellion, feeling that he "must identify himself with his own people." But he more than nullifies this scant justice by saying "even in the veins of Joseph there was some of the Cayuse blood." "It was the Cayuses that accomplished the cowardly, treacherous, excuseless and horrible massacre—Dr. Whitman and his family." "Blood tells. Why ever forget?"—a dastardly thrust at a brave, noble, magnanimous, honorable man, who has won the respect and admiration of every other commander who has fought him. Chief Joseph surrendered to General Miles with the distinct understanding that he and his people should be returned to Idaho. For the bad faith of the United States Government in violating that understanding, and as soon as it had them in its hands, sending them to Indian Territory instead of to Idaho, General Howard has not a word! Of the sufferings of the Nez Percés—not a word! Within a few months after their surrender one fourth of the whole number died of pestilence. General Howard does not mention it. In fact, it is only indirectly that he gives any information whatever about them after their surrender. In the closing paragraph of his book—a paragraph as noticeable for confused and clumsy structure, as it is for the absence of all warmth of humane or philanthropic sentiment, he says:

"Certainly it would be gratifying to me at any time to see the remnant turn from savagery to civilization. They are a people, even in their wildness, picturesque and replete with interest. May not these in the far-off Indian Territory where they have been sent—the Esaus of the world—as well as the crafty Jacobs, have a portion in the labor and the comforts of the world's progress?"

"Whom the gods wish to destroy," they sometimes make

blind, as well as "mad." General Howard's Nez Percé Campaign had long ago passed out of men's minds. "Good friends at the East" do "make and love caricatures," it is true. But they make them one day and forget them the next. General Howard would have done better for his reputation if he had perceived what great safety and shelter lie in silence and the lapse of time. And he would have been kinder to the community, as well as to himself, for he would have spared it a melancholy illustration of some of the pettiest weaknesses of human nature.

#### Parton's Life of Voltaire.\*

THE arts of the book-maker are growing as familiar as the arts of the poetaster, and the tone of the prefaces with which both book-maker and poetaster herald their productions is undergoing a sensible change. The bard has abandoned his references to the "few friends at whose instance he is led to bring these trifles before the public." The compiler of biographies no longer uses the arrival of an obelisk as an excuse for a life of Thotmes II., or a Presbytery dispute for a sketch of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas. He finds it more useful to speak of his work as an effort to put in handy and popular shape all that the biographers, historians, and encyclopædists who have treated the subject before him have only succeeded in confusing. Mr. Parton's preface to his "Life of Voltaire," is a fine specimen of this later manner. "When first I ventured, many years ago," he says, "to think of this task, I soon ceased to wonder why a subject so alluring had not been undertaken before by any one employing the whole of the existing material. Voltaire was then buried under a mountain of heterogeneous record. The attempts of essayists, even those of the first rank, to characterize him truly were in some degree frustrated by an abundance of unsorted information that defied all ordinary research."

The inference is obvious. Mr. Parton was going to sort the information. He meant to apply extraordinary research to the job. The thousand and one lives of Voltaire which may be had at the nearest library were to be supplemented, revised, or altogether supplanted. As many of them were the works of eminent men, Mr. Parton must, of course, have taken particular pains to fit himself for the work he had undertaken. Having to deal with a French author, who delighted in the classics of Rome and Greece, Mr. Parton's knowledge of French, Latin, and Greek should, unquestionably, be unusually sound. With these reflections the reader opens the two volumes, which are bound and printed with such exquisite taste that the value of their contents seems to be guaranteed by the publishers. On one of the earliest pages he finds Voltaire's schoolboy ode on a confiscated snuff-box:

"Adieu, ma pauvre tabatière;  
Adieu, doux fruit de mes écus.  
S'il faut à prix d'argent te racheter encore,  
J'irai plutôt vider les trésors de Plutus."

And beneath it he reads the following neat translation by Mr. Parton: "Adieu, my poor snuff-box; adieu, sweet fruit of my crowns. If money was the price of thy redemption, I would rather go and empty the treasury of Pluto." Voltaire was a favorite of his tutor when he wrote this precious poem, but he would certainly have lost, not only the "sweet fruit of his crowns," but also the good will of Father Porée, if that admirable classicist had believed him capable of confounding the God of Wealth with the God of the Nether Regions.

In his preface Mr. Parton goes on to say: "The reader is probably aware that every circumstance in the history of this man, from the date of his birth to the resting-place of his bones, is matter of controversy. If I had paused to state the various versions of each event and the interpretation put upon each action, this work would have been ten volumes instead of two." Thus the reader is led to expect that the single version that is presented of any disputed story is at least that which is most probable and supported by the best authority. For more than a hundred years ingenious persons have been discussing the origin of the name which young Arouet assumed, and the weight of evidence is in favor of the statement that "Voltaire" is an anagram of Arouet I. i. (Arouet le jeune). Mr. Parton leaves this well-known story unmentioned, and says: "A writer in *Le Derby*, a French sporting paper, has the honor of settling this unimportant controversy. While investigating, in 1869, the pedigree of a French horse, he

\* Life of Voltaire. By James Parton. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

came upon the records of a family named Voltaire, and the family proved to be ancestors of our prisoner's mother." This is the critical method, indeed. The statements of Voltaire, the corroboration of his contemporaries, the researches of a score of annalists, are set aside in favor of the scribbles of a racing prophet. Mr. Parton is not to be led into discussion, and he majestically closes the debate by saying: "Really it is much to be desired that when a man enters upon the work of immortalizing his name he would be considerate enough to provide himself with a name fit to be immortalized, one which posterity will take pleasure in pronouncing."

We have no wish to exaggerate the faults of the book. They are painfully apparent on every page. Even compilations of this kind must be prepared by persons who have some special knowledge of the subject. A mere smattering of languages, a popular style, a hasty cramming of the authors' works does not suffice for an age which is beginning to insist on getting its literature from specialists. Carlyle having passed step by step over the story of Voltaire's relations with Frederick the Great, what remains to be told of the most memorable incident in the life of the author of "Zaire?" Mr. Parton has certainly found nothing new in it, unless it be one more occasion to make errors of translation of which it would be waste of space to give examples. Yet readers may be reminded that dull and pedantic as was Frederick's epistolary style, it was not half so ridiculous as it is made to appear in this foreign garb. After quoting the letter in which the king writes to Voltaire: "I shall speak to Thucydides of your history, to Quintus Curtius of your 'Charles XII.,"' the translator causes him to add: "But Maupertius, to console them, will make Zoile read in a corner the Akakia." Whom does Mr. Parton suppose "Zoile" to be? It is unnecessary to inquire.

Apart from the manner of presenting them, the facts of the book are, for the most part, correct. They are not drawn from very recondite sources, but they present a fair view of a writer whose immense influence on the thought of to-day should make the smaller details of his life even better known than they are. American readers are likely to take particular interest in his professions of affection for Pennsylvania, and in his meeting with Franklin in the Academy of Sciences, when the audience cried, "Embrace in the French manner," and the two old men kissed each other's cheeks. Due stress is laid on such episodes as these. Indeed Mr. Parton lacks neither industry nor judgment, and it is a pity that he should have devoted himself to a theme which he was not altogether competent to treat. To introduce Voltaire and his literature to the public, one should not only have a complete mastery of his language, but should also, in a measure, share his wit.

#### "Journal of a Farmer's Daughter."\*

IN this book we see the elder of the two "Goodale children"—we must presently leave off calling them children—in a new field; and it is a field which is in some respects a sharper test of mental quality than any other which she could have selected. It takes bold trust in one's resources to assume that a journal of one's every-day musings on the every-day sights and incidents of a small farm will have either value or interest to the world at large. It is not too much to say that only exceptional culture and a still more exceptional faculty of minute observation could invest such a journal with any intrinsic interest. The first of these qualifications Elaine Goodale is too young and has led too circumscribed a life to have. The second is a gift of nature; but she does not possess it in any large degree; and this journal, therefore, will be of comparatively little interest except to such persons as have already had their interest in the writer awakened, and are eager to see how far this new departure and effort of hers may corroborate or alter their impressions of her talent. It corroborates the misgivings which careful readings of her verses had aroused. We find here the same tendency to attitudinize, the same self-consciousness and leaning toward sentimentalism which mar even her best poems, and place them, spite of some superiority of diction and finish, on a lower plane than her younger sister's. It would have been a curious psychological experiment, and not without value, if both sisters had kept such an eight months' journal as this of thoughts and observations on "Sky Farm." There would no doubt have been as marked differences between their prose thoughts as between their verses. Dora's would have been a

journal of the farm, and full of pictures, with here and there a bit of spontaneous and accidental thought. When a calf was born, Dora would never have said, as Elaine does, "Papa's announcement of a little heifer calf made quite a sensation in this uneventful life of ours." She would have written in her diary, "Brindle had a calf last night." And instead of saying, like Elaine, "One thing only damped the loving enthusiasm and made the supposed benefactor feel himself an inhuman despot, guilty of unnatural cruelty—a deep pathetic *moo* from the unhappy mother, robbed of her rightful offspring, which hushed at once the general jubilee, and struck a momentary awe into the faces of the listeners," she would probably have said (if she had said anything), "The cow mooed just as if she knew we were going to take away her calf by and by. I suppose it has to be done: but it doesn't seem half fair."

These sentences are good examples of what we mean by Elaine's tendency to attitudinize, to think about the thinking, to prolong, attend to, and analyze sentiment till, however genuine it may be in the beginning, it turns into a species of counterfeit by mere handling. This is the fault of her verse. It is still more the fault of her prose; it will be the rock on which she will be wrecked, as a writer, if she does not learn to steer clear of it. Subjectivity is a good slave, but a bad master. In temperaments too much inclined to it, literary taste and skill must always have in the beginning a tussle with it, before it will take its proper place, and work well, driven in harness instead of holding the reins. It is worth while to say this about Elaine Goodale in the hope that she may profit by it; for she has exquisite susceptibilities, fine perceptions, and a genuine talent for expression. There are in this journal many sentences and phrases which a much older and more practiced writer might be proud to have written. Such as, "The shivering alders huddled in the blackness"; "whether the choicest clover-hay be out or in, the uncaring storm sweeps by." (Ten years hence she will know why this sentence would read still better, "whether the clover-hay be out or in, the storm sweeps by.") When she calls pea-pods, "emerald cases hinged on what airy mechanism, and closing by what smooth and perfect spring;" and hits on the one fitting word "piquant" for the wild cherry's clusters of "glistening" fruit; and speaks with candid exactness of the "gaunt spinster, with the worn sharpness, the aggressive ignorance of lone New England women," she is at her best; and when she wrote those sentences she was thinking simply and exclusively of the things she undertook to characterize. The account of her following a hen-turkey into the woods—stealthily watching to see where she had made her nest, waiting till she had left it, then stealing to the spot, parting the thick, glossy leaves, and looking at "the yet warm treasure, large, white, pointed at one end, sprinkled with the very color of the dead-brown leaves on which it lay"—is one of the best things in the book, and gives promise of a capacity for good descriptive writing in years to come, when she shall have adjusted more truly the balances between the ins and the outs of life, and have been brought to a reverent comprehending of the exceeding greatness of simplicity.

#### "No Gentlemen."\*

"WHENEVER I open a book and see 'Hoot, mon!' I lay it down again," said some one as an excuse for neglecting one of MacDonald's best. We confess to a similar impulse on turning the leaves of "No Gentlemen," and receiving an impression of a great deal of New England dialect. Beginning to read, however, we are soon amused, interested, and charmed. Belonging to the class of stories popularly called "bright," and published judiciously at the opening of the season of hammocks and piazzas, it is far more readable than most of its kind. The romantic reader need not be disheartened by its title; for a gentleman is introduced on the very first page (although with his back to us, it is true), the author's objection extending merely to the plural of the noun, her hero having no rivals. The plot is not too much of a plot for a legitimate New England story, and the conversation of "Jabe" is racy enough to make us forget that we were tired of Yankee dialect as treated by Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Whitney. Indeed, the book is thoroughly enjoyable. It is the story of half a dozen charming and natural girls; the spirited heroine being none the less interesting for a temperament aptly described by her intimate friend in the remark, "Miss Ivory is a trifle uplifted this morning—her way of being cast down."

\* Journal of a Farmer's Daughter. By Elaine Goodale, one of the Authors of "Apple Blossoms." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* No Gentlemen. A novel. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.



## The Critic

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WE are happy to be able to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC a brief review, by Dr. Philip Schaff, of the revised edition of the New Testament. Dr. Schaff's words on this subject are exceptionally interesting, from the fact that he has served, since its organization, as Chairman of the American Committee of Revision. The book is published in England, America, and Australia almost simultaneously with the appearance of this review.

### MR. FROUDE'S TASK AS AN EDITOR.

A YEAR hence we will wonder at the outcry provoked by Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. An evil genius seems to have presided at their birth. They have not only cast a shadow on the memory of Carlyle, but have involved his literary executor in a painful controversy. In this country, as we have seen, they were the occasion of a quarrel between rival publishing houses. Yet in the book itself there is nothing that might not have been predicted by any one familiar with the peculiarities of its author. It has neither modified our opinion of him, nor altered our impressions of the men whom he belittles. Does any one, we may ask, lose sight of Goethe's genius because Goethe happened to offend Carlyle? Does the admirer of the *Ode on Immortality* think meanly of Wordsworth because Carlyle calls him "dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, almost wearisome?" Is any one blinded to De Quincey's charms by the paragraph about "wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt hopes?" Is our love of Lamb diminished one jot or tittle by Carlyle's sneer at his "proclivity to gin?" No, no; these arrows have missed their mark, or at best they have failed to pierce the armor on which they fell. As for the hand that sped them, had it not been trained for many years in similar work? Was it strange that he who had been an image-breaker all his life should go down an image-breaker to his grave? The one thing that was *not* to be expected—a phenomenon that might well have occasioned a cry of astonishment—was a book in the manner of the late Mr. James T. Fields. Carlyle was an iconoclast bred in the bone, and one of the main points of difference between this volume and his more serious works, which will long outlive it, is this, that while in the former he broke much that he set himself to break—much, indeed, that merited demolition—his blows in the latter have fallen without effect.

Of his editor it may be said that, however he may have served the interests of his author's family, he has been keenly awake to the interests of the reading world. The manuscripts he was called upon to edit were evidently designed for publication. The restriction placed upon the manner of their publication was removed some years ago, so that Mr. Froude has done no violence to the expressed wishes of his friend. This defense, if defense were needed, would seem to be sufficient. Mr. Froude is not an obscure scribbler seeking notoriety at whatever cost. He is a scholar—a gentleman; his fame is as dear to him as that of her uncle is to Mrs. Carlyle. Unworthy motives cannot have prompted him to betray a sacred trust. His indiscretion in giving publicity to certain ill-natured comments on persons not properly before the public cannot be gainsaid. But apart from this he has done nothing which he need regret. He knew full well the unpleasant nature of his task. He must have foreseen the bursting of the storm that fell so quickly

on author and editor alike. But he knew no harm could come of letting these ugly things be said. He knew they could do little damage to the reputations they assailed. He knew too (and this was more to the point), that whether or no they were powerless for injury, they had been thought out, written down—were inevitably there. The world will soon forget this slight "unpleasantness;" will be grateful a twelvemonth hence for these crude, imperfect likenesses; and will wonder then that it was not more willing to accept them, *not* as elaborate final portraits, but as bright reflections from an eye that saw clearly and keenly, it is true, though not always with generous breadth of view.

### The Shoshone Oath.\*

How pitiful that man must anxious seek  
In every age some form of oath to find  
Which may his fellows terrify and bind!  
On holy books, by superstitions weak,  
With penalties the timid and the meek  
He fetters, till poor Honesty goes blind  
In many a soul whose birthright had been signed  
To nobler things. Her vengeance Truth will wreak  
On all such subterfuges, soon or late.  
The savage knew her better when he said,  
Seeing the sun's great splendor overhead,  
Seeing earth's beauty which doth lie in wait  
For all men's hearts, to give them ecstasy,  
"I will not lie! The sun and earth hear me!"

H. H.

### Theological Literature.

MR. JACKSON gives us the second of the "Early Christian Literature Primers,"† published under the editorship of Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of New Haven. In about two hundred duodecimo pages we have brief but critical accounts of the seven or eight leading Greek and Latin Fathers of the period, with carefully chosen extracts from their writings, and notices of some twenty more. These primers cannot be too highly commended as an easy, pleasant, and trustworthy introduction to patriotic literature. The series will be complete in two more volumes.

"A Wise Discrimination," is Bishop Dudley's statement of the Church's need.‡ It is presented in four lectures (the Bohnen Lectures, 1881), which deal successively with discrimination as to dogma, evidences, ritual, and recreation. The volume is a noteworthy one, not so much from its Christian conviction and zeal—these we should expect—as from its abundant sympathy with the age we live in, and its disposition of Christian truths, of church ordinances, and of personal conduct according to large principles and in a just perspective. Not theological formulas, and not petty rules, but Christ and His Spirit are put at the centre of life. Therefore the book is one to be gladly welcomed.

Prof. Robertson Smith's lectures§ have been awaited with keen interest. Both he and his opponents have found warm partisans on this side of the Atlantic, and amid various misapprehensions of the somewhat intricate Scotch ecclesiastical law, the main issue is well understood among us. Prof. Smith's opinions in detail, however, have been known to us chiefly from articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and therefore in fragments, and with little of supporting argument. It is only now, just as his case is coming up for final settlement in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, that we receive the volume which clearly announces his position, and forms at the same time its defence. It is admirably free from the controversial element. Its subject-matter and its treatment are historical and critical, and both the history and the criticism are as scholarly as the needs of a mixed audience permitted. The lectures, as is known, were prepared and delivered, by special and urgent request, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, during

\* The only form of oath among the Shoshone Indians is, "The earth hears me. The sun hears me. Shall I lie?"

† The Fathers of the Third Century. By Rev. George A. Jackson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ The Church's Need. By Thomas Underwood Dudley, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

§ The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



the early part of the present year. The first seven, though their statements and conclusions may be new to many, would hardly create a stiff theological breeze. The controverted opinions are mainly embodied in Lectures 8-12. Prof. Smith's argument is briefly this: The Pentateuch contains a full Levitical ritual, ordering the worship of Jehovah in the Tabernacle and Temple, as the only appointed place for such worship. But during the time of the Judges and Kings, the people, high and low, worshipped in many places, and without observing the Levitical rites. Moreover the prophets before the exile knew nothing of the divine appointment of these local and ceremonial restrictions. Not till the time of Ezra and Nehemiah do we find the temple-service actually conducted according to the provisions of the Pentateuch. Hence these provisions only then came into existence. The so-called Mosaic law consists really of three parts: (1.) Certain simple laws actually given by Moses. (2.) Deuteronomy, several centuries later. (3.) The Levitical legislation, post-exilic. Two important questions spring up in connection with this first presentation from the ranks of an English-speaking church of critical opinions which other sources have already made familiar. The first is, Are these opinions true? We believe not. But the discussion involved in a refutation or important modification of them is too long to be entered upon here. Still more vital, however, is the second question, Can such views be entertained within the Church? Here the answer is far simpler. Prof. Smith, it will be remembered, declares that his views, far from undermining the truths of revelation, give those truths a firmer basis. And it is certain that if these views may not be fairly examined, with the understanding that not prejudice but only historical and critical tests are to decide their tenability, then Biblical scholarship will hereafter make its headquarters outside the Church. Not the foregone conclusion of ecclesiastical courts, nor the hue and cry of heresy-hunters, but the patient, candid examination of scholars must pass judgment on questions of fact and of history; and when those who hold new views affirm that these views strengthen rather than weaken their religious faith, the Church need not be alarmed. One thing is plain: the church which does not permit fair discussion on matters like those treated in these lectures may be a church of great reputation and great achievements, but it is not the church of the future.

#### Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes.\*

MRS. HARRISON was known to lovers of decorative art before the publication of the present volume, through her contributions to the *Art Interchange*. In this book she does not confine herself rigidly to "woman's handiwork," for she occasionally takes us into a shop and gives us the prices of Japanese and Chinese articles, and then shows us how to arrange them to advantage at home. Her instructions are in the main practical. The book is divided into three parts: "Embroidery," "Brush and Pigments," and "Modern Homes." In the two former the most minute directions are given to the amateur. She is shown, stitch by stitch, how to work in crewels, and is deftly initiated into the mysteries of "laid" embroidery. The brush decorator is equally well instructed. In the department treating of the decoration of homes, Mrs. Harrison's suggestions are within the reach of the most limited means. The book is written throughout in a bright and entertaining style, and is illustrated with colored plates from designs by Samuel Colman, Rosina Emmet, Louis Tiffany, and others. Some of these are admirable specimens of the lithographer's art. The Colman portiere is the most artistic in coloring and design. Besides these the book is profusely illustrated with drawings in black and white. On the whole, we feel that its attractions will prove irresistible to all who are under the influence of the present "decorative" craze.

MISS JANE BEWICK, eldest daughter of Thomas Bewick, the well-known wood-engraver, died recently in England at the age of ninety-four. She leaves a sister, with whom she lived for many years and under whose roof she died.

We have received from F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, a set of photographs of literary men. The selection of subjects is an odd one—Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman, Judge Tourgee, and Martin F. Tupper. The photographs, however, are excellent. We have never seen a more satisfactory likeness of Emerson; the Whitman also is good.

\*Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes. By Constance Cary Harrison. With numerous illustrations and five colored plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY's charming illustrations of Herrick's poems, which have appeared from time to time in *Harper's Monthly*, are to be collected before long and published in book form.

"A Matter of Fact Girl" is the name of Theo. Gift's new book, which Henry Holt & Co. will publish in the Leisure Hour Series.

"No Laggards We" is the title of a Midsummer novel, by Mr. Ross Raymond, which George H. Hanlan publishes. The scene is laid at Newport and Old Point Comfort.

A. Williams & Co., Boston, print in a neat pamphlet Dr. Bartol's recent discourse on the late Mr. James T. Fields.

The Universalist Publishing House, of Boston, announce "The Life-Work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks."

The first instalment of the Talleyrand Memoirs will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in a few days. It includes the correspondence of Talleyrand with Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna, and will make one octavo volume.

A "History of Ancient Egypt" by Prof. George Rawlinson, M.A., is announced by Scribner & Welford. It will be printed in two volumes, with maps and numerous illustrations.

The second volume of Dr. Geikie's "Hours with the Bible" will be published by James Pott to-day. It extends from "Moses to Judges."

The late Lord Beaconsfield wrote to Francis G. Heath, author of "Peasant Life in the West of England:" "Your life is occupied with two subjects which always deeply interest me—the condition of our peasantry and trees."

Mr. T. H. Tibbles's Indian novel will be published by Geo. W. Carleton on the 9th of June. It is called "Hidden Paths."

The *Harvard Register* for April, May, and June (a "triple number," it is called) will appear on the 25th inst. It seems to be the publisher's intention to make of this final issue an illustrated encyclopaedia of Harvard University. It will contain some excellent portraits, and upward of fifty articles from well-known pens.

"!!!" is the title of a romance by the Rev. George H. Hepworth, which Harper & Brothers have in press. The same firm announce a "Sketch of Carlyle," by Moncure D. Conway, fully illustrated.

Macmillan & Co. have in press a volume of poems by Miss Christina Rossetti. D. G. Rossetti's new volume of poems announced in the last number of *THE CRITIC* is entitled "Ballads and Sonnets." "It consists," says the *Athenaeum*, "of ballads, romantic and historical, and of a completed series of the 'House of Life,' and other sonnets and lyrics." Both volumes will probably be reprinted in this country by Roberts Bros.

On Saturday last D. Appleton & Co. shipped five hundred sets of Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. As soon as they reach London their arrival will be cabled to the New York publishers, who will then issue the work here. In the mean time Mr. Davis leaves his plantation in Mississippi for a trip to Canada, that he may be on Her Majesty's soil the day his book is brought out in England. This is in order to secure the English copyright.

It is said that the perusal of General Lew. Wallace's "Ben-Hur: a Tale of the Christ," induced President Garfield to appoint its author minister to Turkey. However that may be, the following letter proves that the President was greatly pleased with the book:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 19, 1881.  
DEAR GENERAL,—I have this morning finished reading "Ben-Hur"—and I must thank you for the pleasure it has given me. The theme was difficult; but you have handled it with great delicacy and power. Several of the scenes—such as the wise men in the desert, the sea-fight, the chariot race—will, I am sure, take a permanent and high place in literature.  
With this beautiful and reverent book you have lightened the burden of my daily life and renewed our acquaintance, which began at Shiloh. Very truly yours,  
GEN. LEW. WALLACE, Santa Fé, New Mexico. J. A. GARFIELD.

The Bewick memorial volume will contain a memoir of the distinguished engraver; an annotated list or catalogue of the recent exhibition of his drawings and wood engravings; an essay on the characteristics of his genius and works, by F. G. Stephens, (the art critic of the *Athenaeum*), and a complete bibliography or catalogue of the published works or books illustrated by the brothers—Thomas and John Bewick—with their different editions and the peculiarities that make them sought after by collectors. The value of the volume is increased by the illustrations comprising a selection of impressions from the original wood blocks engraved by Bewick himself, and contributed for this purpose by his daughters. These, being printed with modern skill, display the artist's powers to better advantage than the copies produced with the imperfect mechanical means that were at Bewick's command a hundred years ago. The book is prepared in the most sumptuous manner and only a limited number of copies were printed. The most of these were subscribed for in London, but a few have been secured for the American market by Scribner & Welford.

## THE FINE ARTS

## Art-Rivalry with Europe.

EVERY season that brings an exhibition of oil paintings at the Academy of Design brings also from one quarter or another an outpouring of wrath upon the buyers of pictures who invest their spare capital in foreign rather than in native paintings. The complaint emanates naturally enough from the studios of American artists who see their work neglected for costly and often meretricious compositions by European painters. It is not only in New York that artists complain, and writers for the press echo their lamentations. Boston and Philadelphia see the same phenomenon; Denver—for Denver, be it distinctly understood, claims already to be an "art centre," while Leadville has a journalist who urges the erection of an "Art Museum"—believes in encouraging home talent; and San Francisco records in the daily prints the situation of affairs in a score of studios with special relation to the furtherance of local art. In New York a weekly paper undertakes the championship of American against foreign art, or at any rate upholds the cause of the American artist. Discussion is of course necessary in order to sift the good arguments from the bad. Certainly, some brought forward are fair; but others are quite wide of the mark. And at the start, it is hardly necessary to say that no amount of abuse of the buyer of foreign pictures is going to do the cause good; even if it make some hesitate for a time, it ends by disgusting many more. Foreign pictures will always be bought, and should always be bought—if worth buying. And that some are worth buying no one in his senses will deny. American workmen are making a strenuous and plucky push for the first rank in easel painting; and their success is not inherently impossible. But at present the prestige of French and Italian art is so great that it requires a good deal of knowledge of the finer shades of art, and, above all, more independence than most people possess, to deliberately choose an American picture, which has merits the world at large does not appreciate, instead of a foreign one sure to excite the interest and the envy of friends. It is perfectly natural it should be so, particularly as the persons most apt to buy largely are the newly enriched, who for two main reasons are likely to be wary of investing in American pictures. One reason is that usually they have no originality of taste, or special cultivation; the other, that foreign pictures offer a surer "speculation," for when the time comes that they must sell, or wish to sell, there are both Europe and America to sell in. American work, on the other hand, has a sale chiefly in America, and not so certain a sale even here; tastes and fashions fluctuate more rapidly, and there is not so solid and consistent a mass of amateurs and critics as exists abroad.

Artists cannot shirk the fact that to-day they must compete with Europeans for the patronage of American buyers, and to-day more completely than heretofore. Travel is becoming so easy and rapid; business men are so eager in rivalry to import foreign art; European artists are so many, and so hard pressed for orders, that every year brings the American into more searching competition with his foreign comrade in the profession. If the buyer does not travel, the artistic products are brought, in the teeth of the tariff, within his reach for comparison with home work. Raising the tariff will do no good; on the surface it may seem to improve the chances of the artist for a time, but, underneath, it works by ways that produce widespread evil. The only way is, as the slang phrase goes, to "face the music," and do as American watchmakers, pianomakers, actors, musicians, writers do—meet Europeans on a fair field, and let the better man win. But in adopting this course, artists have a right to claim that no personal or class selfishness, no dignity of a corporation, or hurt honor of an academy, should interfere with their education in art. They should demand that the societies devoted to art should be truly and radically encouraging, and not given over to selfish or retrograde ideas. They should also ask of the critics that, to the best of their abilities, they shall search for and hasten to point out whatever is noble, beautiful, suggestive, in one way or another, not only in American, but in European art. It is of value in educating the public taste; even if it does not penetrate directly to the studio, it may reach the artist through the medium of a public demand—that medium which nowadays is perhaps, the only method by which to bring influence to bear on art. History seems to affirm that if the buyers of art work are keenly critical, appreciative and generous, the producers rise to the level of the demand.

## Mrs. Cheney's "Gleanings."\*

THE title of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney's book is unpretending, but the text is often the reverse. This arises not from any particular presumptuousness, it would appear, but because Mrs. Cheney has usually adopted a style not her own and moves somewhat heavily in it.

\* *Gleanings in the Fields of Art.* By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Emerson has so completely infused his individuality into her mind that she not only lives in his ideas, but speaks his words, and has even caught the sententiousness of his periods. On page 95 he has occupied her thoughts to the exclusion of Tennyson, who is popularly supposed to be the author of the quotation that follows; for, speaking of the Renaissance in Italy, she says, "Comparing it with the thousand years of Byzantine life, one might say, with Emerson:

"Better half a year of Europe  
Than a cycle of Cathay."

A slip of the pen like this need not be accompanied by more serious errors, and it is merely just to Mrs. Cheney to point out that she has many eloquent passages and not a small store of erudition between her covers. A tendency to generalization is her besetting fault, as it is of most writers on art who are not held down by absolute necessity to the minor lines of a most fascinating and easily misleading subject. The chapter on American art is a safe and well organized review of the subject, with nothing particularly new in it. That on Albert Dürer is quite the most interesting. Mrs. Cheney's admiration for Emerson is perhaps unfortunate, for, great as Emerson is, and catholic, and lofty, the domain of the fine arts is that in which he is the least experienced and the least calculated to shine.

## St. Gaudens's Farragut.

THE monument to Farragut to be unveiled in Madison Square, New York, on the 25th of May, is, in the artistic sense, perhaps the most important that has ever been erected in this country. St. Gaudens's statue of the admiral was exhibited in plaster in the Paris Salon of 1880, and was one of the best of the portrait statues of the exhibition. This figure, in bronze, will be the point of greatest popular attention, but the artistic world will be quite as much interested in the large and very original base which Mr. Stanford White has designed, and which Mr. St. Gaudens has covered with some very remarkable reliefs, handled in a manner both scholarly and imaginative. One of these reliefs is an allegorical female figure, meant to represent Loyalty. It is this that is engraved in the June *Scribner*, along with three other pictures of the monument; but it is said to be if anything less impressive than the corresponding figure of Courage displayed upon the opposite wing of the base. Mr. St. Gaudens has evidently made a special study of the art of modelling in low relief. He already has had imitators in this branch of sculpture both in France and America; but we fear that none who have imitated his work have yet discovered his secret—no secret at all, by the way, except that of a well-trained eye and hand, and of a highly cultivated taste.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON has a portrait of Mrs. Algernon Sartoris ("Nelly" Grant) in the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is a three quarters length, the figure clothed in "a white dress, a white hat, with roses, and seated."

Subscribers to the *Magazine of Art* cannot complain that they do not "get their money's worth." The May number is unusually full. Among other papers is one on that very interesting painter W. Q. Orchardson, giving his portrait (a thoughtful, sensitive face) and examples of his work. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse writes of the Future of Sculpture in London; not a very bright future, we should think, nor a very great past.

## THE DRAMA

IN the dearth of theatrical novelties at home, attention may be well directed to the sensation of the hour in Paris. The success of "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennui*," comedy in three acts, by Edouard Pailleron, is daily increasing at the Théâtre Française. It will certainly run through the Summer, and may pass into the standard repertory of the house if the folly which it satirizes proves to be sufficiently durable. That folly, strange to say, is aestheticism. The gospel of intensity has, in a modified form, obtained a foothold in France, and M. Pailleron has attacked it with the vigor of a Molière engaged in single combat with the Hôtel Rambouillet. Paris has not been slow to recognize the features of real personages in the comedy. M. Caro, the dainty professor of the Sorbonne, whose lectures have been attracting all the *précieuses* of the town, will henceforth discourse to emptier benches. Mme. Edmond Adam, with her drawing-room and her review, bids fair to be laughed out of her notoriety, and the politicians and literary people who have delighted to gather round her are already beginning to feel uncomfortable. For one of M. Pailleron's characters thus describes the Land of Boredom in which the scene is laid: "It is the drawing-room of Philaminte, Countess of Cérans," says he. "There you will hear the learned Saint-Réault discussing the Vedas, and rejecting the Ramayana and Mahabharata as romantic and apocryphal. There the poet Desmillets is going to read us his tragedy of 'Philip Augustus.' There Count Roger de Cérans, the eldest son,



will perorate in a white tie to lovers of archaeology. There will appear the great, the incomparable, the ineffable Bellac, the philosopher of the ladies, who will go into raptures over his transcendental theories on the purity of love. This drawing-room is the side-door to the Ministry, the antechamber of the academies, the laboratory of success. Science here gives place to pedantry, sentiment to sentimentality, delicacy of feeling to æsthetic cant. Nobody will say what he thinks, or thinks what he will say. It is the world where every one is bored, and its influence points to the fact that only two classes of people exist in Paris. One is the class which does not know how to be bored, and which gets nothing; the other is the class which knows how to be bored and which gets everything, after those have been satisfied who know how to bore other people."

The play balances on the point of a needle. Its plot is confined to detailing the adventures of a love-letter. This letter has neither signature nor address, and its handwriting is disguised. It is lost in the salon of the aforementioned Mme. de Cérans. Hither comes M. Paul Raimond, sous-préfet of Agenis, accompanied by his newly-married wife, who is ignorant of the ways of metropolitan society. M. Raimond hopes to rise in the world, and knowing the political influence of his hostess, bids his wife talk politics with the ladies. "How can I talk with them," she cries; "I know nothing about the subject." "Nor do they," he replies. "That does not matter at all." He shows her the reviews that are scattered about the table, and bids her pretend to have read none but those which are of serious interest. "How shall I know if they are of serious interest?" she asks. "If the leaves are not cut," he says, "you may be sure of it." In short, he is determined at every hazard to be made a minister. "After all," he reflects, "I don't wish to be different from other people." The house is already filled with guests who have come to hear the poet's tragedy, in which everybody agrees there is one fine line. Besides M. Bellac, the delight of the ladies, and Professor Saint-Réault, who is held to be learned because his father was distinguished in science, and young Roger de Cérans, whose pedantry is only assumed, there is Miss Lucy Watson, a spectacled English maiden, deeply versed in Plato, and the countess who keeps the drawing-room, and a charming old lady, the Duchess de Réville, who laughs at its fopperies, and a still more charming young lady, Mlle. Suzanne de Villiers, who pretends to adopt them in order that she may win the love of Roger. In the pages of one of the reviews Suzanne finds this note: "To-night, at ten o'clock, in the conservatory. Say you have a headache," and she is certain that it is written by Roger to Lucy Watson. Roger finds it, too, and believes it is addressed to Suzanne by the treacherous M. Bellac. The close of the first act leaves them both in the torments of jealousy.

The second act has a very effective scene. It is ten o'clock, and Roger waits in the drawing-room, with the duchess and countess, to see the culprit appear. The famous tragedy of "Philip Augustus" is being read in a neighboring room. The door of this room opens and a sounding Alexandrine is heard. Mme. Raimond appears, pleads headache, and goes out to bill and coo with her husband in the conservatory. Roger breathes more freely. The door again opens, another Alexandrine is heard, Lucy Watson appears, pleads headache, and passes out. A few seconds pass: the door opens for the third time; the inevitable verse is heard, and Suzanne appears; she, too, pleads headache and goes after Lucy Watson. Roger follows her indignantly, and the Duchess and Countess, anxious to unravel the mystery, make their way together to the conservatory. There they hear the Raimonds speak their minds about æstheticism, and the Countess, suddenly converted, makes up her mind to close the drawing-room. There Roger and Suzanne make up their quarrel. There Miss Watson is met by the sender of the note, who turns out, of course, to be the ladies' philosopher. And thus gaily ends a play which has the advantage of being interpreted by the best company in the world. Got is the hypocritical Bellac, and makes it a pendant to his well-known Tartuffe. Delaunay, eternally young, is Roger. Coquelin is the comic sous-préfet, who is shocked by Mme. de Cérans's invitation to talk scandal about the government. "What!" he cries, "I, a member of the administration, talk scandal about it! Certainly not." At the same time I shall be most happy to listen." Pretty Emilie Broisat consents for once to wear the spectacles of Miss Watson. Reichenberg, who will probably play ingenues when she is sixty, is the gentle Mme. Raimond. Madeleine Brohan is the Duchess de Réville—the most perfect *granda dame* that the Faubourg St. Germaine ever beheld, and Jeanne Samary, whose wonted laughter is choked at times with tears, is Suzanne, and makes the hit of the play. Where else could such a cast be found?

Among those American travellers who purpose to visit the Français this Summer there will doubtless be many to whom the motive of the play will be unintelligible. Even the French provincial would find it hard to understand the life that it describes. But Parisians are inclined to believe that it gives M. Pailleron a place among the masters of the stage. Augier, Feuillet, Sardou, and Dumas led the phalanx of dramatists who were present at its first performance to do him

honor. Meissonier and Detaille headed the artists; Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and all the ministers were in the boxes; the world of fashion was there in its thousands. There was a feeling among all these people that Edmond Pailleron was a man who had only needed an opportunity to be famous. He had written a score of plays, all full of praise, but none of the first-class. Here was, at last, his chance. It is, indeed, to his credit that he has written so much, for he stands alone among the working dramatists of France as a man of independent means. He is the son-in-law of M. Buloz, Director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He has found no difficulty in introducing his work either to the publishers or to the stage. His first play, "Le Parasite," was produced at the Odéon more than twenty years ago. His pleasant little comedietta, "L'Étincelle," justifies its name by sparkling from one end to the other. His most ambitious efforts have been "Hélène," "Les Faux Ménages," and "L'Âge Ingrat," all of which have suffered from the disadvantage of suggesting some earlier play. "Hélène" translates to the bourgeois what the "Gabrielle" of Emile Augier revealed to the more delicate. "Les Faux Ménages" is a variation of the "Dame aux Camélias"; "L'Âge Ingrat" a replica of "L'Etrangère." M. Pailleron has always erred in placing his characters in uncommon surroundings, and in elevating them above the plane of common life. Hence he has rarely failed to win for them the sympathy which he sought. This is the chief fault of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." Although its wit should give it an enduring place on the stage, it may be doomed to disappear with the craze at which it laughs.

The two new plays that have been produced in New York during the week are not worthy of much attention. One is an operetta by the author of "Fatinitza." It has been produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and is named, with strange orthography, "Donna Juanita." Its plot might have been taken from one of Lever's novels, with its dashing French captains and coy Spanish maidens, and its mantillas, rope-ladders, mandolins, castanets, and guitars. Unflagging spirits used to carry Harry Lorrequer through amorous campaigns of this sort; and unflagging spirits might have carried Herr von Suppe through his score. But he is anything rather than a vivacious composer. He has a few martial refrains in his head, and the echo of a few sentimental ballads, and there his musical tether seems to end. "Donna Juanita" will never be popular. The new piece at Haverly's Theatre seems, on the other hand, to have much of the right stuff in it. The story of "Sam'l of Posen" is one of ordinary domestic melodrama. People are robbed, stabbed, and chloroformed. Before they can come to a violent end, "Sam'l" steps in and saves them. He is a young Jew, always whole-hearted, and often open-handed. This is something new on the stage. It is an effort to put an end to the dramatic Juden-hetze. It is a protest against the Hebrew type which the theatre presents, and which Mr. William Elton is now portraying in "The World." The idea is excellent; the execution is not without skill. Mr. M. B. Curtis, who plays the part, is likely to make a durable success of it.

## MUSIC

### The May Festival. (Second Notice.)

WE are fully aware that a notice of a musical performance coming to the reader at an interval of a fortnight after the event is very likely to carry with it somewhat the air of a *rechauffé*. Nevertheless we feel that in dismissing the May Festival with the necessarily meagre report of our last issue, which was already on the press when the fourth concert took place, we should be in a sense ignoring the importance of the event itself, as well as missing several of the lessons—not without their positive value to us at this time—which it conveyed. The first of these is, that our public may be relied on to support almost any musical undertaking that promises well and is carried out in good faith, and that, provided things are done on a sufficiently large scale or with the use of names of reputation (notoriety will often answer as well), enough money and enthusiasm will always be forthcoming to guarantee a popular success. The second is, that in performances of this kind this success depends very little on the quality or excellence of the performance itself; it is compelled, so to speak, by the bigness of the affair, or of the reputations. It is taken for granted at the outset that there will be, or ought to be, a great success or a great failure, and as a failure would have to be particularly striking to make itself felt by an audience whose pride would be wounded by recognizing it, it becomes a success. The winter has been filled with music; there have been concerts without end, and opera (such as it was) in English, German, French, and Italian; yet all these seem to have left enough money to not only successfully float this gigantic affair, but even to leave more than five thousand dollars residue after paying the enormous expense bill of seventy-five thousands. More enthusiasm there could not well have been. At moments—not infrequently the wrong ones—it became absolutely unmanageable, and once or twice well nigh swamped the performance, distracting chorus, orchestra, and conductor at points where they required to be particularly cool.

The chorus had evidently made of its share of the Festival a genuine labor of love. Not to mention the "Messiah," with which most of the singers were probably familiar, there were, besides the "Meistersinger" chorus and the chorus in the "Ninth Symphony," three great choral works to be studied and rehearsed. This means many rehearsals and much hard work. All that the choir did in public was done as well as it could be done under the circumstances; from beginning to end the attack was, for the most part, even and neat, and the intonation excellent; we do not recall a single fault or blunder for which it could be held responsible. The same may be said of the work of the orchestra. Indeed, there were moments in several of the performances (during the Lacrymosa of the Requiem, the finale of the "Fifth" and the andante of the "Ninth" symphonies) when it was only the coolness and steadiness of the orchestra that saved matters from going irretrievably to pieces; when the conductor seemed (only seemed, however, for he was probably cool enough, though he had lost control of his beat) to have lost his head, and the orchestra kept its head beautifully. The work of the children (on the Saturday afternoon) was delightful and full of promise. Nothing could possibly have been steadier than their singing, and that they had had the most excellent training was proved beyond doubt by the bits they had to sing without accompaniment. They ended so absolutely and exquisitely on the pitch that we have yet to hear the adult chorus that can surpass, even if it rivals, the purity of their intonation.

We find, then, a public willing to come to and pay liberally for such concerts, a chorus ready to devote much time and pains to the preparation of new works, a conductor whose enthusiasm inspires those around him with something of his own devotion to his art, and an orchestra reliable in any of the emergencies that in great performances are likely to arise, and bearing itself bravely in the hottest moments of the battle. And yet, excepting certain isolated bits of solo work, occasional moments in the larger choral compositions, and the singing of the children, which was uniformly excellent, we must confess that from beginning to end the Festival gave us no moment of genuine musical enjoyment, seemed neither to have sprung from nor to minister to a sense of art, brought no satisfaction of any kind, and taught no lesson, unless it was that of how not to do it. It was impossible not to hear within one's self the constant suggestion, "Musical hippodrome," and to wonder whether, if there were no rivalry of conductorship and struggle for notoriety and position in our midst, we should ever have been invited to expend so much labor, money, and "gush" on such an utterly unmusical performance of fine compositions. We think not. The gist of the whole affair is probably to be found right here. We have two conductors with rival claims to precedence; each has his following. With no public—ours least of all, for many reasons—would mere professional excellence suffice to establish their relative positions: it has to be done through the magnitude of their conceptions, magnitude in this case (where the one writes but little, and the other not at all) finding its expression mostly in the number of people they can get together for a performance, and the bigness or newness of the compositions they can put upon their programmes. So we—who have never yet had a thoroughly satisfying performance on a reasonable scale of any one of the great choral works, who have yet indeed to make the mere acquaintance of much of the standard repertoire, with whom, moreover, chorus-singing is still in its infancy—must needs put on our Festival programme no less than two new choral works of the largest dimensions and greatest difficulty of performance, handicapping them at the outset with chorus and orchestra of such proportions that it is simply impossible that they can be properly handled (that is, with thorough coherence of the masses, and anything of light and shade or color), and in a hall in which the best of solo work could only go for nothing. What more is to be done in the Festival announced for next year by Mr. Thomas—announced, too, with most unseemly haste and more than questionable taste, just before the commencement of Dr. Damrosch's—we cannot imagine, there are no more requiems for four orchestras to be struggled with; there is but one "Ninth Symphony"; there is no larger available auditorium than the armory of the Seventh Regiment; and unless it is to be an open-air performance of the "Battle of Vittoria," with half a dozen batteries of artillery in support, we really cannot see what is to be its claim. To be sure, there is the "Grauer" messe of Liszt, and his "Elizabeth": they are pretty big scores. Or perhaps he might be induced to write some new thing that should be bigger and louder than any that Berlioz ever dreamed of—say for eight orchestras, with a full chromatic scale of kettledrums in each!

The disposition of his chorus and orchestra had no doubt been carefully considered by Dr. Damrosch, whose great intelligence and experience we are as far from questioning as we are from conceding that his disposition was the best possible under the circumstances. Indeed, we are convinced that if he could have heard the effect produced by the orchestra in the greater portion of the hall, he would have been the first to find fault with it and propose a massing of the various bodies of instruments. Grouped as they were—that is, not grouped but separated, a complete set of wind instruments behind the long line of first violins on one side, and another behind the second violins, at

a distance of about sixty yards, with the double-basses divided into two groups—it was simply impossible that they should play accurately together. That they were not oftener apart was remarkable, and creditable—to the players. Neither Dr. Damrosch nor any other conductor could have held them so without the most extreme care on their own part. The chorus was also dispersed rather than massed, and its work consequently suffered in precision of *ensemble*. The stage was at once too shallow and too broad; a slight additional depth would have permitted much greater compactness, which—together with the building in of the stage as a sounding-board—would, we believe, have remedied matters materially. The real trouble, however, goes back to the inception of the whole affair: it was too big. No such chorus, orchestra, or hall were ever thought of by the composers of any of the works performed, unless it might be Berlioz, for whom it would be difficult to make the tone-masses too large, and who probably had in mind very much this kind of thing in writing his Requiem; and we cannot but think it a pity that in a Festival involving so much labor and expense, so much fine music should be wantonly sacrificed in order that the apostle of noise should be afforded an occasion to air his rapid extravagances. And in this even Berlioz agrees. In one of the papers, "*A Travers Chants*," he says: "Music must be heard near to; its principal charm disappears with distance; it is, at the very least, singularly modified and weakened. . . . Sound, beyond a certain distance, although we may hear it, is like a flame that we see, but the warmth of which we do not feel. . . . The effect of the orchestra in too large halls is defective, incomplete, and false, inasmuch as it is other than that which the composer intended while writing his score, even if his score was written expressly for the large hall in which it was heard." And again: "For the musical action of voices and instruments to be complete, all the tones must reach the listener simultaneously, and with the same vitality of vibration. In a word, sounds written in score must reach the ear in score." This, however—simultaneity of vibration, the carrying of the tone-mass "in score," that is, accurately together—is rendered as impossible by the too great separation of the tone-bodies as it is by the too great size of the hall. The mere imposing effect on the eye of an army of singers and players, the full, satisfying tone that such an army produces in the broader choral passages—all this affects the unthinking public, which is stirred and excited by it knows not what. But it is only the lower musical nature that is reached by what is performed in this big rough-shod manner: the true art sense is not even touched. Noise is not necessarily music; past a certain point it is not music at all. And in just so far as we carry our festivals and other performances into the region of mere noise and claptrap, just so far are we leaving behind us the plane of true art, and descending to the level of noise-making. And festivals such as the one we have just passed through are and can be at best but a mere hodge-podge—a musical debauch, in which what should be the inspiring wine of life is abused and spilled upon the ground.

Of the performances themselves we have little more to say. That of the "Messiah" was more nearly satisfactory than any other of the great choral compositions. It had the advantage of being familiar to most of the singers, and is a work, moreover, that we are so accustomed to hearing sung in the English manner—*i.e.*, with but little variation of light and shade—that it suffered less from the unwieldiness of the masses than most of the others. The "Ninth Symphony" was about as bad a performance as we can imagine—coarse, crude, and ineffective. The baritone recitative in the last movement was, however, an exception. Of the purely orchestral work the best performances were probably the overture to the "Meistersinger," and the "Preludes" of Liszt, the latter quite effective and more nearly coherent than most of the others. The Schubert Duo-March arrangement is one on which Dr. Damrosch is hardly to be congratulated. The Schubert quality cannot be said to be improved by such bits of contrapuntal frippery as those with which the Doctor has embellished it; nor does he seem to us to have caught the spirit of either Schubert's intention or his habitual style of instrumentation in his manner of scoring it.

#### Mr. Korbay's Song Recital.

MR. KORBAY had for his song recital at Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., an intelligent and appreciative if not very numerous audience, before which he rendered, unassisted, even playing his own accompaniments, an entire programme of no less than twenty songs by various composers, including nine (two as encores) of his own composition. The mere undertaking of such a task implies on the part of the singer-composer either very great confidence in his own powers or the having listened to the mistaken advice of injudicious friends; certainly in the case of Mr. Korbay there was nothing to warrant it. Together with a really beautiful and sympathetic baritone voice, he has grave defects of style—a tendency to exaggerate and over-sentimentalize—as well as absolute blemishes in his vocal method. His portamento is but a painful dragging of the voice from one tone to the other; his crescendo, especially in the upper register,



is more an explosion than a swelling of the tone; and his falsetto (of which he makes frequent use) is an extremely unpleasant recourse to a means that should be left for the exclusive use of operatic tenors. Notwithstanding all this, there is in Mr. Korbay's singing a certain intensity and warmth which, together with the pleasant quality of his voice, made several of his songs very enjoyable. The "Tristan" of Hoffmann, the Hungarian folk-songs, and two of Mr. Korbay's own "Reed" songs were especially so. The fifth of the Magyar melodies, the "Soldier's Song," with its remarkable resemblance to the genuine negro songs of the South, was extremely interesting. Mr. Korbay's compositions partake very much of the qualities of his vocal style: they seem to be the exaggerated and over-sentimentalized expressions of a genuine but only partially cultured musical nature, and are strongly suggestive of Franz, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner at once, without having sufficient melodic or formal value to make them at all interesting. Their chief merit may be said to lie in their perfect adaptability to Mr. Korbay's style of singing.

## Musical Notes.

THE thirteenth quarterly number of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," which leads up from Planché to Richter, is before us, and may be said to be in no way inferior in interest to the volumes that have preceded it. Besides the usual biographical matter (in which Englishmen get the best treatment, foreigners who have been in England the next best, and the unfortunates who have never had the supreme felicity of an indorsement by London audiences next to none at all), there are interesting papers on various musical topics, such as the quartette, programme music, etc., as well as several well-written articles on purely theoretical subjects. America comes in, as usual, for no notice whatever.

Mr. Sims Reeves has begun a series of "eight farewell oratorio performances" at the Royal Albert Hall, London. He will be assisted by Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Santley, an orchestra and chorus 1,000 strong, and the band of the Coldstream Guards.

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